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The Rev. John Martin Henderson, M. A.

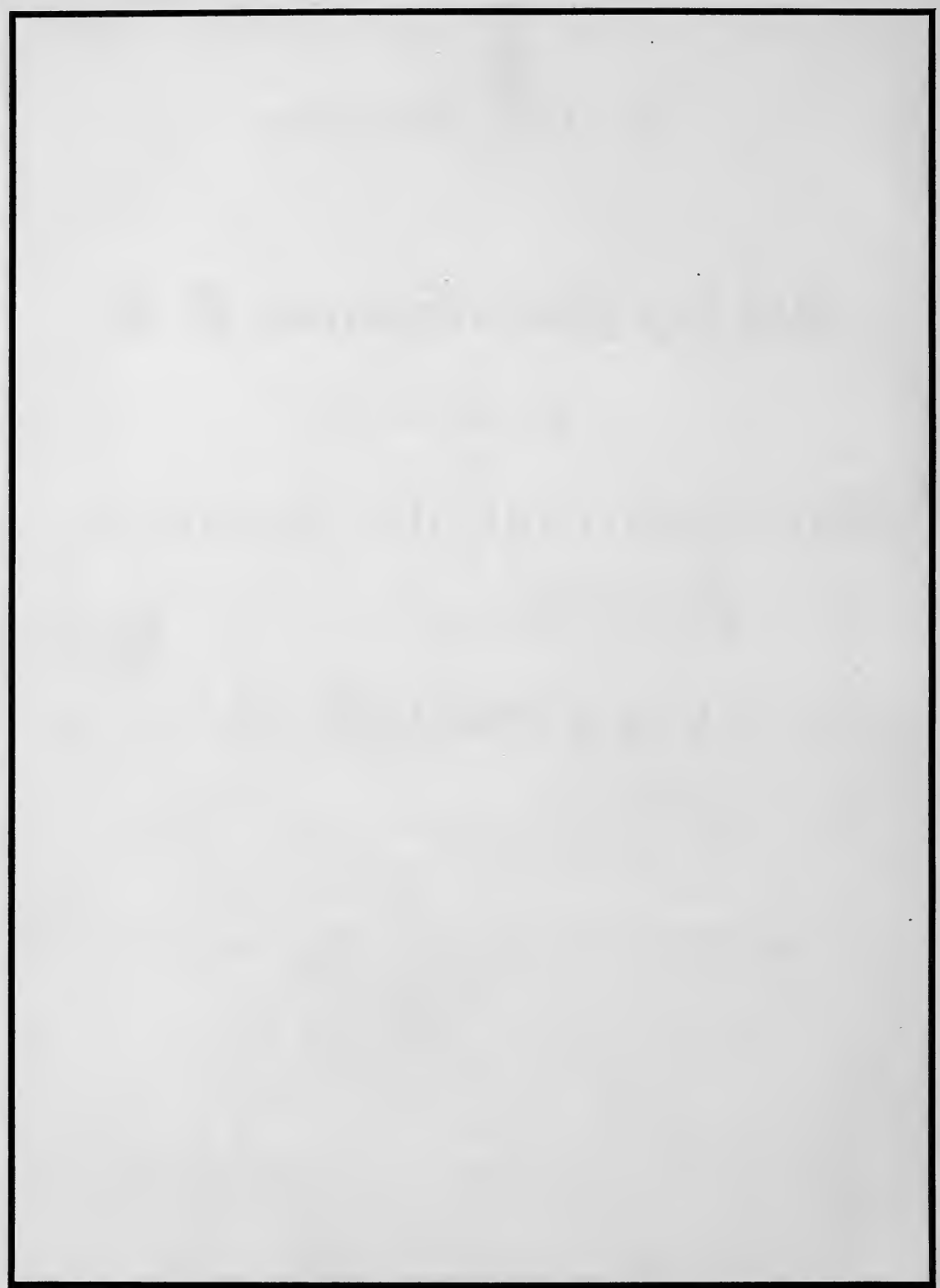


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Book 1476

M. S.

The Rev. John Martin Henderson, M. A.



To the Memory

of the

Rev. John Martin Henderson, M. A.

Late Rector of

The Church of the Ascension,

in the

City of Buffalo, N. Y.



Born, August 1st, 1834; Died, August 1st, 1885.



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Rev. John Martin Henderson, Q. A.



The announcement of the death of the Rev. John M. Henderson, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, though not unexpected, will cause deep sorrow in this community. The beloved clergyman passed away at his residence, No. 24 Linwood Avenue, at 5 o'clock this morning. He was first prostrated by illness on the 25th of April last, and it was hoped until lately that he would recover, but the disease had too firm a hold, and baffled the best skill of the attending physicians, Drs. Ingraham, Wyckoff, and Rochester. For the past week or so, the patient had lain in a tent on the premises, the heat of the house rendering him uncomfortable.

The Rev. John M. Henderson was born at Springfield, N. J., August 1, 1834, and therefore died on his fifty-first birthday. He was the son of Dr. John J. Henderson, of Springfield. When a young man he decided to enter the Episcopal ministry, and in due time was ordained Deacon in the Diocese of New Jersey. Just after being advanced to the priesthood he was called to the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension in this city, a position which he continued to hold to the day of his death. He began his long service as Rector of this church in June, 1861, and after the death of the Rev. Dr. Shelton, of St. Paul's, was the senior Episcopal clergyman of the city in point of continuous service.

He had been for some time president of the standing committee of the Diocese of Western New York, and was an influential supporter of the Church Home, and a generous friend and aider of the General Hospital. In fact, he was always tireless in good works, the record of which, if fully given, would fill volumes.

During his twenty-four years rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, he had seen the parish grow under his fostering care, from a small beginning to a position of strength and influence. Among his people he was the ideal pastor, and they loved him devotedly.

The privilege of paying a proper and adequate tribute to his special qualities as a clergyman must be left to his ministerial brethren. We need only say that his piety was deep and unaffected, and he preached "the faith once delivered to the saints" with eminent zeal, logical force, and convincing power. He was a master of good English, and many of his sermons were models of composition. In addition to being deeply versed in all that pertained to his sacred calling, his scholarly tastes led him to acquire a thorough knowledge of the principal branches of polite learning.

In the social circle he was a delightful companion; to his people ever the faithful pastor, and the true friend; to the poor and the afflicted, a warm sympathizer and a ministering spirit; and to all the world a true gentleman, and a model of what the Christian minister should be. His own eloquent words, uttered at the funeral of one of his prominent parishioners, will fitly apply to himself: "This man's intellect was exceedingly commanding, and the measure of his sympathies deep and broad." All who knew him honored and loved him, and his memory will long be cherished.

Mr. Henderson married Elizabeth Ogden, of Elizabeth, N. J., who survives him; he also leaves three daughters.

Services

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1885.



The services at the Church of the Ascension yesterday were solemn and impressive indeed. The church had been appropriately draped by the members of the parish, who performed the work with their own hands, as one of the loving tributes to their departed Rector and true friend. The nave and transepts of the church are festooned with black; the altar, pulpit, lectern, font, and the prayer desk, so much used by the deceased Rector, are heavily draped; the pulpit, with its heavy pall, standing there, as it were, a silent witness of the many good words, and works, of the loving, devoted man of God, who though dead, yet speaketh. The Rev. M. C. Hyde, Rector of All Saints Church, officiated. The services opened with the beautiful Litany hymn, and Morning Prayer of the church, which was followed by the hymn "Thy will be done" and the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. The Evening Prayer was solemnly said at five o'clock.



A BELOVED clergyman, a valuable citizen, an upright man of God, and a truly Christian gentleman, has been taken from Buffalo, by the death of the Rev. J. M. Henderson, of the Church of the Ascension. Mr. Henderson had many friends; we do not believe that he had an enemy in the world. He was true in every relation of life—to his family, to his fellow-citizens, to his church. His death will leave a gap in the ranks of good men that will long be noticed in this community, where the best years of his life have been spent.



The Last Rites.



Seldom indeed has so impressive a funeral service been celebrated in Buffalo as that which took place yesterday afternoon in the Church of the Ascension, where a weeping congregation assembled to pay a last mark of love and esteem to him who had been their faithful Rector for twenty-four years. The church was filled long before the beginning of the solemnities, many being present from out of town. The interior of the sacred edifice was elaborately and tastefully draped with the emblems of mourning. Walls, gallery and windows were hung with black. The vacant pulpit was heavily draped from top to bottom, surmounted by a cross of white resting on a rich base of variegated roses and smilax, forcibly reminding those present of the life work of the devoted Pastor who for so many years had been a faithful servant of the cross. This tribute was from the members of the Sunday School Guild. The lectern, marble baptismal font and other chancel furniture, were suitably draped, and adorned with choicest floral emblems of affection; the chancel windows were also filled with innumerable floral tributes. Chief among these designs of chaste magnificence that astonished while it riveted all eyes, was the massive floral bier, in which choicest roses and flowers of every hue had been tastefully interwoven by the ladies of the congregation. Measuring some eight feet by four, it presented on all sides a beautiful bank of flowers, resting in the center of the chancel.

It was nearly half-past four o'clock when the organ began to play the funeral dirge. The members of the vestry and visiting clergy then entered and occupied the seats reserved for them, followed by the Bishop, and the clergy who acted as bearers, wearing their surplices and robes. The casket was borne to the chancel and there placed upon the floral bier by the Rev. L. Van Bokkelen, D. D., the Rev. M. C. Hyde, the Rev. Walter North, the Rev. Charles H. Smith, the Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley, the Rev. S. A. Fuller, the Rev. A. S. Dealey, and the Rev. L. B. Van Dyke. Among the other members of the clergy observed to be present were the Rev. Dr. Howard and the Rev. Messrs. Jones, Granger, Mann, and Huntington of Lancaster. The remains reposed in an English oaken casket of Gothic design, with brass handles and plate; on the top lay a cross of white flowers. The plate bore the following inscription:

JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON,
Died August 1st, 1885, Aged 51 Years.

FOR 24 YEARS THE RECTOR OF THE
CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.

The choir, placed at the farther end of the church, chanted a portion of the service, and the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke then assisted the Bishop in the remaining portions of the service. The quartette rendered the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

Bishop Coxe then advanced to the front of the chancel, and spoke as follows: It is in strict accordance with the known sentiments and

characteristic modesty of my departed and reverend brother, that there should be no formal sermon or eulogy upon such an occasion as this. But I cannot deny myself the privilege which, as his Bishop and personal friend, I feel it to be, to perform a duty which I think is due alike to the smitten and afflicted family, to his parish, to my reverend brethren of the clergy, and to the diocese at large. I am sadly reminded how frequently heretofore I have been called in a similar way to pay a tribute to departed worth, and it is my purpose, following the precedents which have been set heretofore, should I survive to the ensuing feast of All Saints, to preach in this church on that festival a memorial sermon in honor of your deceased Rector. Meantime it is my privilege, at the request of the clergy of the diocese, to read the following record of their action at a meeting held prior to this service. The Bishop then read as follows:

The Clergy of the Diocese of Western New York, resident in the City of Buffalo, and divers visiting clergy assembled with their Bishop in the Church of the Ascension on the occasion of the funeral of its late Rector, the reverend presbyter, John Martin Henderson, M. A., by unanimous resolution adopt the following as an affectionate tribute to his worth and character:

In the maturity of his mental development, and while yet he seemed to enjoy a reasonable prospect of continued life and of increasing usefulness, our excellent brother has been (prematurely as might seem to us) called to follow the venerated Shelton and the beloved Ingersoll, with whom he had been so long associated and by whom he was truly and affectionately esteemed.

Not inferior to either of these, his elder brethren, in the essential qualities of the Christian minister, and adorned like them with sound learning and the ability to teach and to commend by a stainless example the gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour, he was left by them in the position of the senior rector of our city and was well qualified to sustain the traditional dignity and commanding influence of his predecessors.

As the successor of Dr. Ingersoll in the presidency of the standing committee of the diocese his position was not merely one of local eminence, but of recognized influence in the councils of the Church; and while an almost feminine modesty and unusual measure of the grace of Christian humility withheld him from self-assertion, he never declined a duty to which he was called, nor failed to discharge it with ability and success. As a pastor, the long service of four and twenty years in a single parish and its growth from a mere mission into a

flourishing church, sufficiently attest the fruitfulness of his ministry. But more than this. The exceptional degree in which he was revered by his entire flock, with an enthusiasm of attachment and esteem truly filial as well as loyal, was the reward of rare devotion and unwearied fidelity to their spiritual interests. It is eminently with reference to the many years of his faithful service of souls that we honor him as an example and recognize his high standard of official duty as worthy of all imitation by his brethren in the sacred ministry.

More than all, we would strive to imitate the conspicuous characteristic of our deceased brother—his Christian simplicity and godly sincerity. Forcible and faithful as a preacher; cheerful and kind in social intercourse; adorning his home with every domestic virtue, and discharging his duties as a citizen with rectitude and integrity—it is the completeness of his character as the faithful follower of Christ which endears him to our memories as we bear him to the grave.

To his parishioners in their affliction we tender this tribute as our estimate of their loss. And to his esteemed relict and to the children whom he so tenderly loved, we offer this heartfelt testimonial of sympathy and condolence. In joyful anticipation of the Resurrection of the just, and of the share which our brother will have in its triumphs, we assure them of our prayers that the Holy Spirit may prove their Comforter, while we commend them to the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow.

While the casket was removed by the bearers, the choir rendered with fine expression the hymn "Asleep in Jesus," and many tears were shed as the funeral procession slowly went out of the church. The music, at the request of the family of the deceased, was strictly confined to the service set apart by the Church for such occasions. The burial chant, "Lord let me know my end," was a fine feature of the musical part of the service.

The Rev. John Martin Henderson.



Our expression of hope, last week, for the recovery of this beloved clergyman, was hardly in print when his death was announced, on Saturday, August 1st, which was his fifty-first birthday. The last days of his illness were attended with much suffering and extreme prostration, but were marked by the utmost patience and sweet submission to God's will, and comforted with every spiritual consolation. The Bishop ministered to him often, and during the last night never left him.

The Rev. John Martin Henderson was the son of Dr. John J. Henderson, of Springfield, N. J., where he was born August 1, 1834; he was educated and received his degrees of B. A. and M. A. at Princeton; studied for Holy Orders in New Jersey, where he was ordained Deacon in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, by Bishop Doane, February 28, 1858, and Priest by Bishop Odenheimer, March 10, 1861. He served as Deacon in Christ Church, Elizabeth, N. J., and in June, 1861, came into the Diocese of Western New York, as Rector of the Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, which had been organized in 1855, but was at this time a small and feeble congregation, occupying a little wooden chapel on the site of the present church, and had been vacant for some time. It was Mr. Henderson's first and only charge as Priest, and in it he continued, with rare devotion, faithfulness and successful labor, for more than twenty-four years. He was rewarded by seeing its growth into

one of the strongest and most thoroughly united congregations in the Diocese. He was chosen a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese continuously from 1876, and President of the same on the death of the Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, in 1883.

Mr. Henderson was a man whom no one could know intimately without loving him, nor could even meet casually without being impressed by his excellent traits; especially a self-forgetful generosity and sympathy, readiness to see good in every one and everything, modesty and sincerity. These things made him a delightful companion and a valued friend. But these were not his best traits. He was first, last, most of all, a Pastor,—a rare example of devotion as a parish Priest, to every member of his flock, and he recognized as of his flock every one whom his sympathy or his ministrations could help. There are few instances among us where a parish has had the benefit of such pastoral care as his for so many years. He was a fine scholar, and of much more than ordinary excellence as a writer; but his strength as a clergyman was in untiring, thoughtful, loving care for individual souls,—for the sick in body and mind, the poor, the stranger, all with whom he came in contact. And one hardly need add that with all this he was a model of what a Christian *gentleman* should be.

Deanery of Buffalo.



The Rev. Charles Arey, D. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass., but formerly of Buffalo, and an intimate friend of the Rev. Mr. Henderson, officiated at the Church of the Ascension on Sunday, August 8th. At the morning service he said:

Brethren, beloved: It is with feelings unspeakable that I stand before you. I do not know if I dare to trust myself to say a word of consolation even in your sorrow; I cannot attempt a sermon. None is needed. No words could be so divinely persuasive as that silent altar and that silent pulpit. Nor do I attempt a memorial of the beloved departed. That is yet to be written by one who will be equal to the noble theme. Yet no words can express his life so beautifully as he lived it. It is evident that the good Lord singled you out as a parish long ago for signal favor and blessing. And then He sent you the rare spirit who has ministered to you for twenty-four years. There was something in the manner of his coming which, in the secrecy of private intercourse, he communicated to me many years ago, and which I may now entrust to you. Being in the city at the time of his visit, he left the house of the friend with whom he was stopping, at the close of the day on Sunday, and went out not knowing whither. He happened to come this way, to what was then a distant part of the town. By the street side he noticed a little wooden structure, which from its appearance he took to be one of our churches, the door of which was open. He entered, and seeing no one he walked up the aisle to the chancel-rail. He kneeled down, said a prayer and went away. In less than two months he was the Rector of that parish. It was the little structure which preceded this beautiful church. The incident is one which always seemed to be not only striking and beautiful, but such as there was never another like it.

There is a word which describes the many graces and excellencies as well as any one word can. It is reality. There was the simplicity which is always characteristic of genius and which always goes with greatness of soul. Such a character is a power left in the world after he has gone, and is just the testimony for the Faith which the world now needs. Men may refute arguments; they may even suppose they can banish the Lord from His own universe, but there are things they cannot do. They cannot take down the stars from the sky, nor can they put out the lights of faith. They are realities, and they will burn on with a steady glow in any darkness.

This church edifice is a standing memorial of your beloved Rector. He closely watched its building, and every stone in it bears the impress of his deep and affectionate interest. His memory will linger around it forever. But we must not think of him as one gone out of life. The person that you knew and loved is alive forevermore, and in the communion of saints you will share the same life with him. Allow me to add that I believe you can hardly appreciate the value of such a history as these twenty-four years are to be to you in time to come. It is such a history of love and unity as any parish might covet, and which will even put all discord out of countenance, and ensure the presence and blessing of the Good Shepherd himself. It has been reserved for the noble Church of the Ascension to supply a splendid precedent, not only for its own future reference, but for the church everywhere. I am sure it is a heritage greater than you know. And may the good Lord send you the prosperity which you so well deserve. I tender you my profound and heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow.

A Modern Nathaniel.

A Sermon Commemorative of the late Rector of the
Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, preached
in that Church, November 1st, 1885.

By the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D.

Bishop of the Diocese of Western New York.



Sermon.



It is written in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, the beloved disciple, at the 47th verse:

Jesus seeth Nathaniel coming unto him, and saith unto him: Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.

It is the Feast of All Saints. It is the feast of memories dear to the Bride of Christ, because "right dear in the sight of her Lord is the death of His saints." She delights to recall their names and their holy examples and characters. So, now when the leaves of Summer are falling around us; as the daylight dwindles and fades away, and nights come apace and tarry long; as everything around us tells of the frosty winter that is coming, and that sepulchre of frost and ice and snow to which nature will soon be consigned; in one of these shortened days beginning the cold and dreary November, the Church calls her children to come to her motherly knees for comfort. She refreshes them with thoughts of that world where there shall be no more nights and days, no more sultry sun, no more biting frost, no more of these changes which wear on human life, and make us from first to last pilgrims to the tomb.

To-day she tells us of the noble army of her children—of which we are but the remnant lingering here for a moment; of the host which has passed on and passed over, passed through the great waters, and now rest from their labors, their good works following them to a glorious

reward, through the merits of Jesus, whom they loved. Oh! how cold the unbeliever's heart who sees around him nothing but death, scattering the friends and companions of youth like these autumn leaves; death wresting from him the beloved child, or those dearer than children; wresting from him all that made life cheerful; all which he promised himself in youth should be the support of declining years. Oh! cold, unbelieving heart, that feels all this without gathering the moral; without receiving the consolations which the gospel promises; having no hope. Oh! cold and miserable heart, stricken as with an icicle, believing nothing, making to itself a faith of dust and ashes; a creed of death. Oh! exulting joy of the believer, whose creed gives beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

All-saints day corresponds with the Easter festival. We exult over the decay of autumn because we possess a faith defying death. We exult when the green comes forth in the Spring, and say: "Here is the promise which nature has given us, our token of One who is able to work the miracle of resurrection." But to-day we recall in our hearts those precious words, "who having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors," in sure and certain hope of a glorious eternity. To-day we recall those whose sweet examples animate us to perseverance. To-day we gather to our heart of hearts, as it were, looking to the heaven of heavens, all those blessed and glorious pictures of the Revelation, which open before us the throne of the Lamb, and disclose the hosts of those who shall be round about Him forever. There is no night there; the glory of the Lord doth lighten that blessed world; the Lamb is the light thereof. To-day we console ourselves, thinking of the beloved ones who are not dead but sleeping in Jesus; to whom in Him we shall soon be joined. And if to-day we animate our souls with

thoughts of the long succession of blessed ones, who in their generation have condemned the world by a life of faith, while yet they served the world, and lived for the world, and gave their lives for the world—"the noble army of martyrs, the goodly fellowship of prophets, the glorious company of apostles"—what stirring words from the old hymn! if, I say, we recall these, we yet claim our right to come nearer to our own heart-homes and hearth-homes, and bring back those whom we have known first and best and dearest all our lives; the pious father and mother from whose lips, perhaps, we learned the first lessons of our immortality; who taught us to lisp "our Father who art in heaven," when first our little tongues were fashioned to articulate. We remember the precious ones to whom we owe those high principles which enable us to stem the storms of life, and to press on manfully, hopefully, faithfully, looking up to Jesus. We live again with all our blessed benefactors in Christ, to whom we owe all that makes life tolerable, and death capable of being triumphed over. And so, my dear people of this church, I am here to-day to redeem the promise which I gave you when the coffin lay there before the altar, with the outstretched form of him who so long adorned this place, broke the bread of life at God's board, and spake the words of life from this pulpit; I redeem the promise, and remind you that in the word of God itself you are commanded to "remember those who have had the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of life, whose faith follow, remembering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

The days of mourning for our Henderson are ended; no longer any sense in weeds of sorrow. "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentation over him," and we had a right to indulge the natural instincts of the heart, and to mourn for our beloved one,

whom we shall never cease to regret. But to-day the church bids us to put away these heavy hangings of black and to rejoice evermore. Lift up your eyes to his rewards and ask, what is there to regret, when God in His wise providence has taken him to a blessed repose; where he rests his weary head, and where, from that truer life, he looks down on us with compassion; on us who may fail (but God forbid) to make our calling and election sure.

Let me, with some detail, review that holy life with which you are so well acquainted, that I may properly exclude, from what I have to say, the formal outlines of biography.

At Springfield, in the State of New Jersey, was born, August 1, A. D. 1834, John Martin Henderson, a gift of God, indeed, not only to his parents and personal friends, but to many souls among his fellow men.

The son of highly respectable parents, by whom he was tenderly nurtured and brought up as a child of God; "The child was father of the man." And we may read back into the childhood of such a man the charms of his character, rendered more attractive by that inexperience of evil and that entire guilelessness and simplicity, which few retain and bear with them into life's conflicts in so eminent a degree as did your beloved pastor. Suffice it to say that this spirit of a little child which our Lord himself commends so highly, and which He so glorified in His own example, is not weakness, but refinement; neither is it inconsistent with heroic virtues and manly intellect. The guileless Nathaniel was flayed alive in unflinching fidelity to Christ, and to bear witness for Him to the truth. Our Henderson's guilelessness was the pure reflection of the precept, "*in malice* be ye children, in understanding be men."

He was a graduate of the College at Princeton, in his native State,

and has been a credit to the scholarship of his Alma Mater, through his useful life. Always studious and a lover of books, he was without pedantry, and too modest to court the awards of academic distinction. Let nobody ask why he died without a doctorate in divinity. Had he lived a few years longer this mark would have been forced upon him. But, as you know, it is no longer of any significance as a test of merit. Eminent and useful men accept it, and they give it its only worth. They help to sustain it, but it neither sustains nor accredits nor dignifies any solid reputation in America.

On the 28th of February, 1858, he was ordained to the diaconate by the Bishop of New Jersey, the eminent Dr. Doane, and instead of skipping hastily through that ministry as a mere novitiate, he made "full proof" of his office as a deacon, and "purchased to himself a good degree" before he offered himself to receive it. In the City of Elizabeth, where the church enjoyed a historic dignity, he served the rector of Christ Church as the Ordinal directs, but at the same time did missionary work, every Sunday going ten miles, after morning service, to the village of Woodbridge, where there is now a flourishing church, and there preaching and baptizing like St. Philip, his holy predecessor in the same diaconate. For three years he chose to labor in the order which St. Stephen made so glorious from the beginning, and then he was admitted to the priesthood by Bishop Odenheimer, who had succeeded Bishop Doane. This ordination took place on the 10th of March, 1861, and on the 16th of June following he came to Buffalo and began his work as your rector, pastor, and pious example in holy living. He came to you amid the trying excitements of our civil war, but he came as the minister of peace. You have enjoyed peace and prosperity for nearly one fourth of a century under his care.

Here I found him in 1865, ministering in a little wooden church, which was only creditable to you because it was filled by zealous worshippers, who twice enlarged it, and then very soon again made it give way to the lofty and solid fabric in which we are now assembled. It stands a monument of his character and of your own, my brethren; it tells how he labored for your growth and improvement, and how nobly you responded to his work and rose to the glorious responsibilities which it brought home to your consciences and to your affections. As long as this beautiful church shall dignify the head of the highway which it faces, and adorn the gateway of the noble avenue which it flanks, so long shall it remind the passer-by that the life of our Henderson was "not in vain in the Lord." Nay, rather that it was devoted in unassuming devotion to duty, to the best interests of others. It was an unselfish life. While others negligent of the welfare of all, save of self only, live to consume the fruits of the earth, on the ignoble plan of Paganism—"let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die"—his life was a sacrifice to noble aims for making men better, wiser, and happier than any man can be who lives for time and for this world only. In the old fable, one forced the walls of a city to rise by the charms of music which drew the very stones into their place; it is not too much to say that these walls arose under the charm of his holy teaching and his consistent example; and because under his influence and ministry so many of you and your children had been made living temples of the Holy Spirit.

Oh! how unexpectedly, and for us prematurely, came the close of his pious life and blessed labors. On his birthday, August 1, 1885, he fell asleep. After the solemnities here, in which the whole city seemed to claim a share, his remains were removed to his native State, and

there, in the village churchyard at Springfield, on Saturday, the 19th of September, one of the Ember days, he was finally laid in the grave, in peace and blessed hope of a part in the resurrection of the just.

Some may feel, perhaps, that this is little to say. Such a life is without incident. It has no charm for the world. Brethren, is there nothing glorious in a life, of which the incidents are hid with Christ in God? Without incident? Yes, without such incident as makes the fool's romance, without such incident as stirs sensation, without such incident as very commonly is connected with sin and leads to dishonor. Yet, as I have often said, a pastor's life, so far from being without incident, is full of daily experiences which, if reduced to popular narrative by the pen of the ready writer, would melt the mad world to tears. Such records cannot be made public. They are too sacred; they are the secrets of official life; of a priesthood and care of souls, which God only can share with the shepherd He has made. It has been truly said that a Christian shepherd could tell tales to make men merry; so curious, so remarkable are the incidents, "stranger than fiction," that diversify a pastor's life. But the more numerous and more real tales of his experience would make men weep, more than tragedy, revealing life's stern realities, facts which are all around us, but are unperceived and little understood, save as each one finds his own part in them. The world speaks of "a skeleton in every house," hid in closets. It is the thought of a cynic. But such is the world's heartless version of the sorrows and the trials, the sins and the repentances, the bitter anguish, the broken hearts, the sad sick rooms, the painful deathbeds and the living griefs, the death in life, of many a human story; incidents with which a pastor's life is crowded; with which your faithful pastor, who went everywhere, at everybody's call, was conversant, from first to

last, in all his work of love and pity among his fellow-men. Truly, is such a life "a pendulum between a smile and a tear." It has its joys, but oh! how much it finds to share in sorrow not its own.

But how great are the rewards of duty in incidents of another character, which diversify the pastor's work. If, then, human hearts are dear to a pastor's heart; if he can find his loves, his joys, and his reward in human life and in ministering to Christ's redeemed, then the Christian pastor has a tribute and a recompense that is better than gold and precious stones. He ministers to many who reward him with genuine affection, with practical gratitude, with constant support in all good works. He ministers to some who are glad to testify that his name and character must be precious in their hearts to the last beatings of its pulse. He identifies himself absolutely with so many tender relations of humanity that he becomes a brother to all his kind. Nay, he identifies himself with the Good Shepherd. He does so for the babe whom he takes into his arms to christen at the font; and day after day, for the little one in advancing life, catechised at the chancel rail, taught in the Sunday School, learning with a sweet familiarity that the rector is a father, whose white raiment he would kiss with reverence and love. The boy awaits his blessing and his smile as he enters the holy place on the day of the Lord. So it was in this church. Oh! the blessings of a faithful pastor, whether it be in country or in town; when he goes in and out among his people, to bless them, to make himself welcome as he crosses the threshold, because he certainly says in heart, if he does not with his voice, as the church prescribes, "Peace be unto this house, and all that dwell in it." Oh! the joy of the Christian pastor who realizes what is said of George Herbert, saint of God that he was, in little Bemerton, among a few poor families. There he ministered

and when on a week day the bell in his little chapel tinkled its call from the belfry, the ploughman turned aside from the furrow and gave a half hour to God and to say his prayers in the holy place. Are not these incidents that bring a blessed reward to the faithful pastor? This work is carried on sometimes amid poverty and with tears, but he reaps in joy. He praises God, nevertheless, that He was pleased to call him to the sacred ministry; to emancipate him from the pursuit of gain and a perilous strife after lucre, and to give him souls to save for his labor. Surely such as these, who, following the Master, have turned aside from houses and lands and possessions in this life, to make themselves useful in the sacred ministry, realize all that the Master meant when he said "he shall have a hundredfold more, even in this world, with persecution, and in the world to come life everlasting." I have spoken this generally of the glorious work and blest rewards of a Christian minister's life, but I am sure that every word I have uttered is the eulogy of him, "the Israelite without guile," on whom all our thoughts are centered at this hour.

I have sometimes thought as I have ascended this hill, looking always with tender affection at the front of the Church of the Ascension, how unconsciously a Christian minister often realizes that which is written: "He that loseth his life, the same shall find it." He leaves a lasting memorial of his name and his character to his fellow-men. Not very long ago it was my privilege in the State and Diocese of Maryland to be present as they celebrated their hundredth anniversary, and soon afterwards, when I was called upon to speak in their Council, I said something like this to the laity: Have you observed, dear brethren of the laity, what profoundly impressed me at least in the services of the day, and in the commemorative reports and readings that

have followed; that after a hundred years have been brought before your minds in sermons and narratives? You have heard the loving mention of names that had not been mentioned for perhaps five and seventy years beyond the little spot where the lives of those who bore them were hid with Christ in God? At the end of a hundred years a Bishop mounts the pulpit—(it was the eloquent Bishop Lay, lately fallen asleep)—an eloquent Christian Bishop mounts the pulpit and recalls the names carved on moss-grown stones on the eastern shore of Maryland and says of a humble missionary, "This worthy man lived full thirty years before the Revolution, and left his little flock a blessing in his memory. His work endured, and on a day like this, it is gratefully remembered, it perishes not like the labors of many others." Note, then, how such holy memories survive. Reflect, my brethren, how many who were rich and powerful among their neighbors only fifty years ago are absolutely forgotten and have left no memorial whatever. But here are revived the works of humble and patient missionaries, who lived on a pittance, because they laid the foundations of institutions which outlast men's lives; because they bequeathed to you the blessings of Christian civilization, to say nothing of what they did for the souls of men, and for children's children, who, if they are properly grateful, still live to bless their memories. And so I have said to myself: The men of this world who have riches in possession, inherit oblivion unless they gave freely to God and to Christ's poor—and even when they build houses and call lands after their names, they have but a transient hold on these possessions. What is their reward? On yonder noble avenue I pass house after house that has had tenant after tenant since I have been a resident in Buffalo. Men know not who built them, and they do not inquire. But no one can look at the Church of the Ascension without feeling that

here it will stand for a hundred years to come, and probably for a much longer time, and that as long as it stands our Henderson will be often recalled to mind. Men will say it was reared under his rectorship. They will add he was a man whom his people loved, to whom they were devotedly faithful, and whom all the city honored; a good man who left a heritage to his children in his name, and who was dear to many whose children's children will rise up to call him blessed. Are not these great rewards for the Christian minister, brethren? They are nothing to the reward above. But if your son comes to you and says: "I want to be a Christian minister," do not repress his holy outgoings of innocent zeal, but say: "If you can be like our late rector, you will have my blessing; be a faithful man of God." I bless my Master that, as I utter these words, I remember one who laid her gentle hand on my head in childhood and said: "Oh! my boy, if you could be such as Legh Richmond and Reginald Heber were, I should rejoice indeed to see you a clergyman." I cannot be such as they were, but it is something if I try to follow, at least in some degree, their blessed and holy examples.

Think, however, of the eternal rewards which the good man has gone to inherit. Dear brethren of the Church of the Ascension, I feel that very precious bonds have grown up between you and your Bishop during these days of mourning for Henderson. I wish to thank you this morning—I have already thanked you publicly and before my Council—for your adherence to his ministry and your fidelity to his person. I must also thank you for one thing besides—I do not know who suggested it—but it is to your honor, for it is a mark of refined feeling, of delicate sentiment, the outgrowth of a sweet and just sensibility, which in these days is rare. Every sacred feeling of our nature is outraged in these days by many who have no feelings of their

own. It was a testimony, then, to your own taste and honorable to your character that you planted a tree underneath the altar window, to grow and flourish, and say in after ages: "Here our pastor died." It was no ordinary death-scene. There was something extraordinary in that solemn night, which will forever be brought to our remembrance when we pass the place and see the memorial tree. Providentially our Henderson died like a soldier, in his tent. He died under canvas, on the open ground by his church; died on the field like the soldier of Christ he was. It was a memorable night—the moon shining, the month of July in its last hours, passing away; faithful representatives of this parish—in spirit you were all there—surrounded his cot; Christian women waited in the rectory, ready at any minute to minister to the sufferer, and faithful men passed to and fro all night long, asking, "What of the night?" and how it was with the sufferer. His life ebbing away near the altar where he had so often offered the pure oblation; near the pulpit where he had so often spoken God's Word; hard by these walls which were and are a monument to his zeal, and which he so dearly loved! So his life gently closed on earth. Sighs, but not sighs of discontent or impatience, came from his breast, the mere voice of nature sobbing "Thy will be done." Little by little, little by little, just as the morning broke, and after frequent offerings of prayer at his bedside, he fell asleep. The faithful pastor's work was done. Oh! touching recollection, which strengthens me against the hour when I shall pass through similar trials. I recalled a true poet's words:

"His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet breathed he at its close,
And passed the long dull night away,
In statue-like repose;

But when the day in all its state,
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 He passed through glory's morning gate,
 And walked in Paradise."

It was the very day of his birth. The new month had begun. The 1st of August, '34, saw him born into this world, and the 1st of August, '85, saw him new born in Paradise, to the world "which no enemy ever enters, and from which no friend departs."

Beloved brethren, such a man leaves in the memory of such a life and such a death an inheritance to the church of Christ. And henceforth this scene of his life and death is hallowed as only such a record can sanctify and make sacred to every tender heart a spot on this earthly mould.

Listen to a little sketch of his character, not unskilfully drawn, and not by my own hand. Thus it reads:

In the providence of God the Church is called upon from time to time to make mention of her faithful and beloved pastors who have finished their course in faith and entered into blessedness and rest. It is a gracious provision in the economy of life that there is an antidote for every ill, and so the poignancy of grief is tempered by the assurance of spiritual joy, into which it pleases God to transport his servants, faithful and beloved.

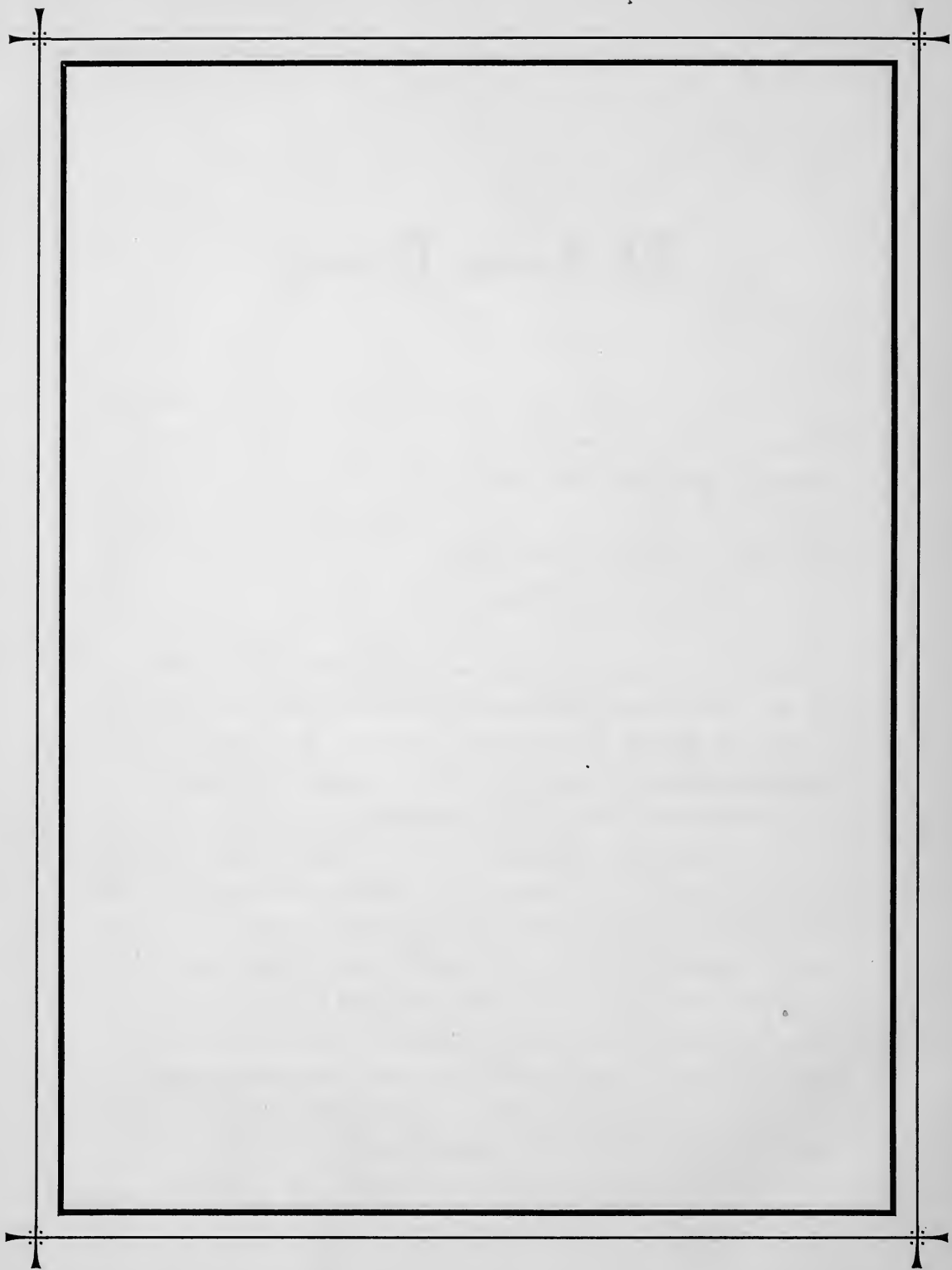
The official record of your late rector is so fresh in your affectionate remembrance that extended remark seems almost superfluous, especially in view of the tribute of his Bishop, which is entered upon the *Diocesan Journal*. The voice of his brethren everywhere has been heard in praise and in words of the keenest sense of loss by his decease. But we must recognize his life as identified with the history and growth of our city; as a Christian missionary, often laboring in stubborn and fallow fields; as a parish priest, faithful in the Word and Sacraments; as a friend and benefactor of institutions of religion and sound learning; as a pastor, leading and feeding the flock of Christ; and filling in these several capacities, and others, with singular ability and zeal that ministry he had received of the Lord. To do his duty in that sphere of life unto which God had graciously called him; to preach the Word; to feed the flock of Christ committed to his charge; to be as Barnabas was, *a son of consolation* to children of sickness and sorrow, and to finish his course with joy; such was the ambition of his life and his comfort in death. He who fulfills any one of such functions inherits the blessing of not living nor laboring in vain; but to discharge them all alike, with due respect to each, and giving its proper emphasis to even one is a gift of grace rare and remarkable. To battle like David with

the simple instruments of holy warfare, and to exercise as well the gentle offices of shepherd-life, nor least of all, to rule lovingly among one's people, is a combination of qualities infrequent among men. Feeble and inadequate are words to measure the excellence of good men's deeds. Our soul is afflicted, and like the elders of Ephesus, "we sorrow most of all that we shall see his face no more."

Are not the words I have quoted a most eloquent summary of the record of a true and faithful servant of Christ? An adequate portrait of the kind of men which we covet for the sacred ministry, a powerful rebukè to sordid and self-seeking professional preachers, a masterly outline of what your late pastor strove to make himself and of what he so nobly accomplished? Well, then, I quote these words, with only such minute changes as are requisite in adapting them to the circumstances, from our diocesan journal of 1884. There they stand as a tribute to the memory of others, from the pen of Henderson himself. Ah! how unconscious he was that he was giving us a portrait of self. Ah! how little I imagined, as I heard him read them, that I should recall those words so soon and repeat them from his own pulpit as pre-eminently true of him. They are his autograph description of our modern Nathaniel; they are the lineaments of his life and character, photographed, as it were, from his living form and figure, and I make them, in reflection here, the mirror of the man who wrote them; of a man so "pure and lovely and of good report."

In conclusion, brethren, remember the words which I spake to you soon after the solemn funeral in this place, on the text—the record of an ancient servant of God,—“The Lord did let none of His words fall to the ground.” I reminded you, then, and I close by reminding you again this day, that really to honor such a life we must be careful not to forfeit its influence on our lives. If we loved him, then let us follow him. If we retain in our memory the words which he spake while he

was yet with us, then let none of them fall to the ground. Oh! beloved brethren, if God has graciously touched your hearts this morning, if the recollections of so holy a life devoted to your best interests, have been edifying in any degree, then in the name of God let not his words fall to the ground. Begin, if you never did before, to live for the blessed realities which inspired his life and ministry, and to which I point you, afresh, in his behalf. Begin to walk with God, and to record now as it were beside his bier, a holy resolution to follow him to immortality. Once more, it is the feast of All Saints. If you too would attain to eternal life, learn from him and all the faithful departed, how to walk with God; how to "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith, who for the joy that was before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."



All Saints Evening.*



The Festival of All Saints reminds us of the great and good departed. Within the past few years how many Bishops, Priests, Deacons, and faithful men and women of the Laity have gone to their reward. Alas! if I should speak of these Saints of God, the time would fail me even to tell their names.

“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

But God knows better than we; and when, in His divine ordering, the time has come for any soldier of the Cross to lay his armor by and join the ranks of the host in Paradise, it is because this servant's warfare is accomplished, and the day of his discharge from conflicts has arrived. He enters into the Kingdom of Eternal Peace.

The memory of Mr. Henderson! It was not my good fortune to know your Rector. I may not, therefore, attempt to repeat the story of those blessed years which our dear Bishop this morning so tenderly recalled. Permit me only to draw a few outlines from words which you, from time to time, have spoken, and from the testimony that has come from every side,—to weave garlands of the thoughts of others, while naught but the thread which binds them together is my own.

*Extract from the Sermon of Rev. Leonard Woods Richardson, preached in the Church of the Ascension on the evening of All Saints Day, 1885.

Like Samuel, Mr. Henderson early in life heard the call to serve his Master. "Speak, for Thy servant heareth," was his answer. "Be it unto me according to Thy word." Entering with all his might into the work in the Lord's vineyard, how plentiful was the harvest which he garnered; even immortal souls brought to the knowledge of Christ by his loving precept and example. He ever sowed the seed with diligence and prayer, and it sprang up all around him, bearing fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, and some an hundred. He came to the Parish of the Ascension when it was but a little flock, dwelling, as it were, in tents. He left it rich in numbers and good works, worshiping in this sanctuary,—*his* epistle, "known and read of all men." Here is illustrated the parable of our blessed Lord: The kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. Wonderful was the growth of Mr. Henderson's Church. To how many human beings, birds of passage across this troubled earth, has it offered a quiet resting place, whence they might wing their flight to those celestial climes, where is the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The heart of your rector was as pure as that of a little child. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." He possessed likewise that inestimable gift, the faculty of seeing whatever was lovely and of good report in his neighbor, and of turning away from all that betrayed evil in a man. He found good in everything. His mantle of charity was never folded, and, as he wore it, it revealed the multitude of virtues. "With malice toward none; with charity for all," he moved through this life as a benediction to mankind.

In his labors as a student, Mr. Henderson kept to the principle enunciated by St. Paul: "This *one* thing I do." He never lacked thoroughness; and while turning from one subject to another, as the rector of a city parish must, he never let slip anything that he had once commenced. He remembered the maxim of the Chevalier Bunsen.

God bestowed upon Mr. Henderson many talents, and he improved them all. He was a connoisseur in Art. Believing that Art is the handmaid of Religion, he cultivated a naturally exquisite taste for the treasures of the brush and pencil. The "eternal consolations" of literature were his, and he profited by them. To present the truths of the Gospel in an attractive manner he labored to make his style more and more finished, until it not seldom blossomed into the flower of verse.

Mr. Henderson was a very learned theologian, one of the Bishop's chief props and stays. The report of the Standing Committee, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, has borne fitting tribute to his memory. He was (thank God for this!) a conservative Churchman, not carried hither and thither by every passing breath of fancy. He followed the principle long since laid down, "*Super antiquas vias stare, et non quietam movere.*" Hold fast to established customs and disturb not quiet institutions.

But eminent as were Mr. Henderson's other gifts, it was as a pastor that he specially excelled. In sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity, in sorrow and in joy, he was always near to comfort and encourage. He had unbounded sympathy, and by it he "being dead, yet speaketh." He forgot himself, rejoicing with them that did rejoice, and weeping with those that wept. What hallowed associations cluster around his memory, connected with baptisms, confirmations, marriages,

sickness, burials! The "cure of souls" was his blessed vocation and calling. How well did he fulfil it!

There are some men, whose sole claim to dignity is derived from their functions. It was not so with him. "When he put on the robe of honor,—when he went up to the holy altar, he made the garment of holiness honorable."

"How was he honored in the midst of the people in his coming out of the Sanctuary."

"He went down, and lifted up his hands over the whole congregation of the children of Israel, to give the blessing of the Lord with his lips and to rejoice in His name."

"He directed his heart unto the Lord, and he established the worship of God" in this House of Praise. The Church of the Ascension is an eloquent memorial of his work; and one night, under the very wings of this sanctuary, he gave up his life in prayer, and with the rising dawn, his spirit soared to realms of everlasting day. His memory is as fragrant as the morn, laden with the breath of Spring. A beautiful tribute to his pastoral work was offered on that memorable day when not alone the worshipers in his Church, but people from near and far, scattered flowers upon his bier and watered them with their tears. His children rise up and call him blessed; his widow also, and she praiseth him. He shall be had "in everlasting remembrance" in the Church of Christ.

Resolutions of the Vestry.



At a meeting of the vestry of the Church of the Ascension, held on Saturday, the following memorial was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the providence of Almighty God our beloved Rector, the Rev. John M. Henderson, has been removed from us by death,

Resolved, That we cherish his memory with most profound love and esteem, and that we will endeavor, God helping us, to follow his example as far as in us lies.

His self-sacrificing spirit and devotion to his Master's work for the last twenty-four years of his valuable life among us commended him to all who have ever known him, as the true Christian gentleman in all the relations of life.

No self-denial or sacrifice of ease and comfort has ever been too great on his part to prevent him from fulfilling in every particular, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, most faithfully and devotedly, his every duty to his God, his church, and to all.

He has been most thoroughly tried in all the varied relations of a Christian minister, and has never yet been found wanting.

We cherish his memory with the most ardent love and affection, and pray God that his pure example and loving precepts may follow us to our life's end.

To his dear family, on whom this blow comes with such crushing effect, we tender our sincere and most heartfelt sympathy, and pray Almighty God to extend, as we know He will, His fatherly care over them and keep them as it were in the hollow of His hand.

Resolved, That our parish church be draped in mourning for the month of August.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in our minutes, a copy sent to the family of our deceased Rector, and published in the city papers.

HENRY H. GIBBS, *Secretary*.

Action of the Sunday School Guild.



At a special meeting of the Sunday School Guild of the Church of the Ascension, held yesterday, the following memorial was unanimously adopted, ordered to be sent to Mrs. Henderson, and furnished the press for publication:

The Sunday School Guild of the Church of the Ascension fully recognize the great and irreparable loss it has sustained in the death of the Rev. John M. Henderson. He was present at the time of its organization, and from that hour to the time of his last illness was its leader and guide. He loved little children. He delighted in the Sunday School and called it the nursery of the church. With him it was always a work of love.

In his death we have lost a wise counselor, a faithful friend, our leader, our spiritual helper and guide. He always had a kind word and pleasant smile for each and every one, and his godly life and his Christian interest has created and left an influence that will be felt as long as life lasts. But words fail to express the loss of such a man. What shall we do without him? Let us, while expressing our grief, pledge ourselves anew to the work of the Guild and of the Sunday School, keeping forever in mind the grand example of our beloved Rector and President, earnestly endeavoring to stand fast by all that is good, and to uphold the principles of our great and enduring faith.

LUCY B. LEE, *Secretary.*

Action of the Standing Committee.



The following Minute was adopted by the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Western New York, on Monday, August 10, 1885:

The Standing Committee, in view of the death, after more than three months of distressing illness, most patiently borne, of their late President, the Rev. John M. Henderson, would gladly put on record an expression of their appreciation of his worth. A member of the Committee since 1876, he has always discharged his office with a clearness of discernment and firmness of principle, equalled only by his gentleness and moderation in the expression of his convictions. Always conservative and thoughtful, he was as conscious of the responsibility of the position with which the diocese had entrusted him, as he was considerate of the many interests involved in the solemn decisions of the Committee. Called to its presidency on the demise of the lamented Ingersoll, whose name was the synonym of noble dignity and grace, he took up and fulfilled its duties with the same unassuming efficiency that characterized all his conduct; while the gentle sympathy of the man, that showed out so spontaneously in word and act in every sphere in which he moved, bound his fellow members to him, as it did all who came to know him, and especially the congregation which his removal leaves so sorely bereft. With them we sorrow for the loss of one whose learning and gracious excellence of character made his life of the highest value to the church and the community where that life was spent. We look back over his twenty-four years labor in the Diocese, as well as his nine years work in the Committee, with thankfulness to God for such an example of earnest, spotless faithfulness; and while we are saddened by his departure, we feel that the church is made richer by the name he has left in her annals, and recognize anew the truth of the inspired declaration that of such names are the jewels which the Master gathers and treasures up against the day of His glory and triumph in His Saints.

An Eloquent Tribute.*



The eloquent tribute to deceased brethren which appears on our journal of last year, was draughted by the pen of Mr. Henderson. How little we supposed, as he read it, that he would be among the departed before another meeting of this Council. Long and painful was his illness; beautiful and exemplary was his Christian patience; never was a pastor's deathbed watched by a more devoted people; and when he died it seemed as if all the Christians of Buffalo rose up to call him blessed. Truly this Demetrius "had good report of all men and of the truth itself." A purer spirit than his has not been numbered among us. He was a faithful and instructive preacher of Christ; but the great lesson of his life left to us is that of the almost unparalleled fidelity of his pastoral ministrations. Richly were they rewarded by the loyalty of his flock. I point my whole diocese to that parish, and that pastor, and say emphatically, would I might see the like everywhere with like results. Oh! my brethren, let us learn by such a death how we ought to live, if, indeed, we would find it gain to die.

*From the Address of the Rt. Rev. A. C. Coxe, Bishop, at the Council of the Diocese of Western New York, held September, 1885.

Memorial Gift.



[From "The Church Kalendar," the Diocesan Journal.]

The beautiful silver Communion Service, presented to this church by William S. Henderson, of Springfield, N. J., as a memorial of his brother, the lamented Rev. John M. Henderson, was duly offered in the church on Sunday morning, February 28th. The usual Morning Prayer was followed by a short special office, appointed by the Right Reverend the Bishop of the Diocese, who participated in the services.

After the reading of the Gospel for the Day, Mr. Cyrus P. Lee, Warden, with Mr. Edward S. Dann, representing the giver, and bearing upon a tray of oak wood, the seven pieces comprising the service, entered from the vestry, and advancing to the centre of the chancel, the Warden read the following:

TO THE REV. OLIVER JOSEPH BOOTH, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, IN THE CITY OF BUFFALO:

Reverend Sir—In the name of God, Amen. On behalf of William Stuart Henderson, Esq., and in memory of the Rev. John Martin Henderson, M. A., late Rector of this Church, we, Cyrus P. Lee, Warden, and Edward S. Dann, present to the Church of the Ascension, in the City of Buffalo, a service of silver for the altar of said church, to be used perpetually for the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, in the same, according to the form and order set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. And we hereby ask you to accept the same and duly to make it an offering unto the Lord in the services of this day, February 28, A. D. 1886, being Sexagesima Sunday, and the anniversary of the admission of the Rev. John Martin Henderson to the sacred order of Deacons.

The Rector then addressed the Bishop as follows:

In the name of the Blessed and Undivided Trinity, and for the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

I, Oliver Joseph Booth, Presbyter, and Rector of the Church of the Ascension in the City of Buffalo, do receive these gifts and offerings made by William Stuart Henderson, Esq.,

as a memorial of the Rev. John Martin Henderson, M. A., late Rector of this Church, to be used for the sacred purpose to which they are devoted, in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist at this holy altar; and further, I hereby move and request you, Right Reverend Father in God, here present and officiating, duly to offer these precious vessels, in the Holy offices of this day and thereby to hallow them for the solemn offices aforesaid, for the service of the Church and to the glory of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The several pieces were then presented by Mr. Dann to the Bishop, who, after reading the inscriptions engraved thereon, and repeating the texts of Scripture indicated, presented them to the Rector of the Church, who placed them upon the Credence table.

An able and very appropriate sermon was then delivered by the Rector, upon the subject of the Holy Eucharist, and referring to the acceptability of the gift about to be offered. The texts were St. John, xiv., 21: "He that hath My Commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me," and 1 Cor., xiii., 2, "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." After which the sacred vessels presented were offered with the alms and oblations, by the Bishop, upon the altar, and the Sacrament of the Holy Communion was celebrated and administered.

The inscriptions, with the texts indicated, were prepared by Bishop Coxé; and the whole is as follows:

The Discus (Bread Plate)—

✠
M. S.*

JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON.

Born, } August 1, A. D. { 1834.
Fell Asleep, } { 1885.

1 Sam., ii., 26: "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men."

* Sacred to the memory.

Paten—

✠
M. S.

JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON, M. A.

Ordained a Deacon, February 28, A. D. Mdccclviii.

1 Sam., iii., 4: "That the Lord called Samuel, and he answered, Here am I."

Paten—

✠
M. S.

THE REV. JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON, M. A.

Ordained to the Priesthood, March 10, A. D. Mdccclxi.

1 Sam., iii., 19: "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground." Psa., xxvi., 6: "I will wash my hands in innocency, O Lord, and so will I go to thine altar."

Chalice—

✠
M. S.

THE REV. JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON, M. A.

Rector of the Church of the Ascension in Buffalo, June 16, 1861.

Psa., cxvi., 13: "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Chalice—

✠
M. S.

THE REV. JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON, M. A.

Founder of the fabric of the Church of the Ascension, May 9, 1872.

Gen., xxviii., 22: "This stone which I have set up for a pillar shall be God's house."

The Flagon—

✠
M. S.

THE REV. JOHN MARTIN HENDERSON, M. A.

Rector of the Church of the Ascension, in Buffalo, four and twenty years.

Psa., xxvi., 8: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

The Labis (A spoon used at the altar)—

✠
M. S.
J.
M.
H.

NOTE.—The service is of solid silver, finely and beautifully wrought; the *Discus* has upon the centre of the disc, the I. H. S. in a circle of gold. The two *Patens* have upon the rim of each

**"TO LABIS OF GOD, THAT TAKE AWAY THE SINS
OF THE WORLD, HAVE MERCY UPON US."**

The two *Chalices* have around the bowl of each

"+DRINK + YE + ALL + OF + THIS,"

and around the centre of the standards **"+JESUS,"** in small medallions.

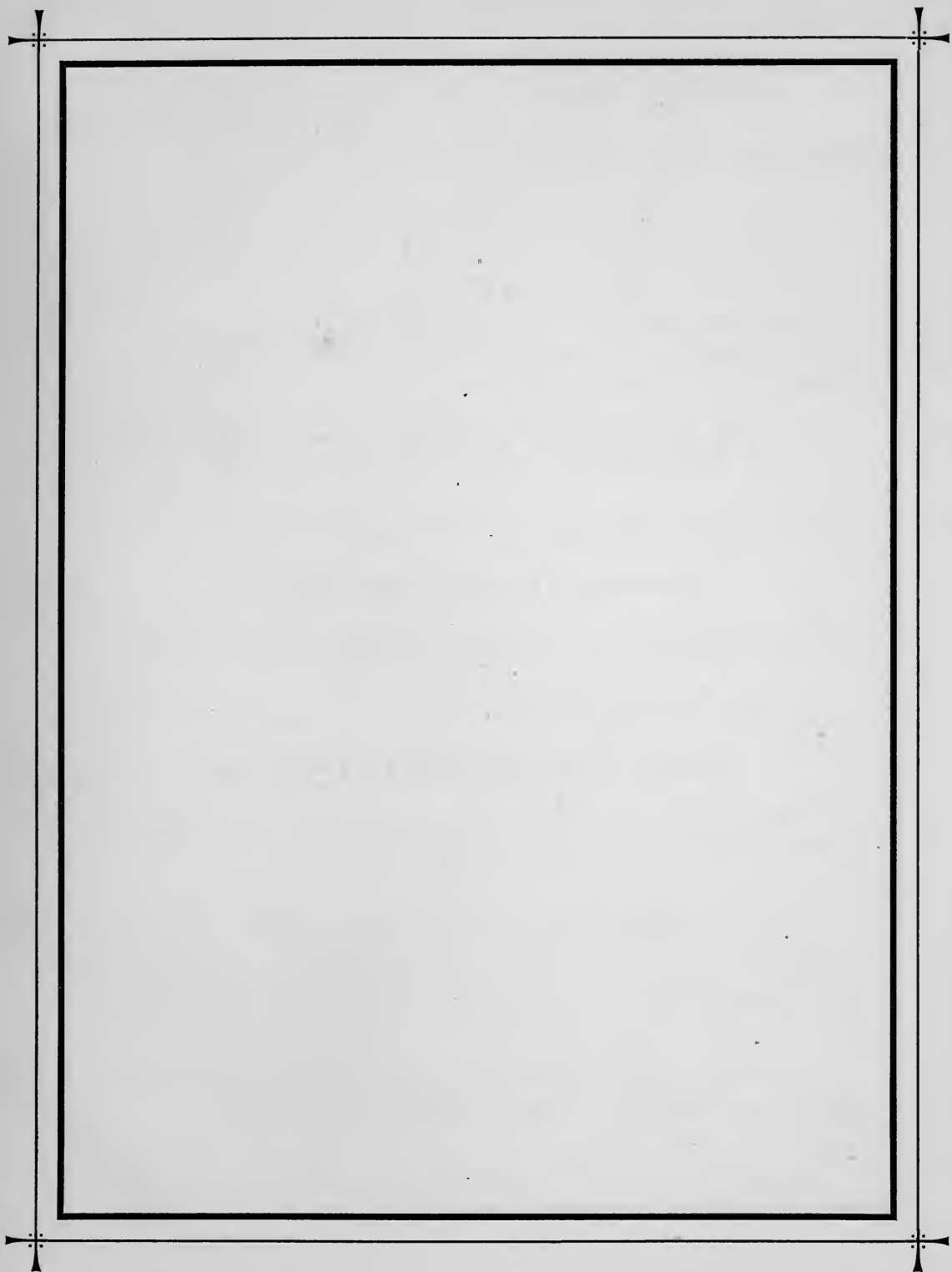
The *Flagon* has upon the frontal

"+GLORY + BE + TO + GOD + ON + HIGH,"

and upon the bowl of the *Labis* is engraven a grape leaf, with a bunch of grapes perforated in it—a symbol of the True Vine.

It is a most fitting memorial of a faithful and beloved Priest and Pastor, and the name of William Stuart Henderson should ever be gratefully remembered as a true benefactor of the Church of the Ascension.

The service was enclosed in a case of oak, bearing a brass plate, upon which is inscribed, "Church of the Ascension, Buffalo."



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